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Embarrassing Astronaut Stories.



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Chapter 1 by Cat4055

Before I start, I grew up in a place where going to NASA was an everyday thing, so, I know this stuff.

"I think I drank to much coffee! I need to pee!" I said into my helmet.

"Just hold on Alan, only a few more minutes." Houston crackled back. I cringed, I wasn't sure I wanted to be known as the first american guy in space, who peed his pants.

"OK." I said back.

I wasn't sure how long it had been, but I was pretty sure more than a few minutes. "Are you ready yet!?" I yelled into my headset."

"Yes! Jeez, it wasn't our fault that the weather is against us." Houston said. "Prepare for take-off." Houston said, "10... 9... 8... 7..." the countdown felt like it lasted a lifetime. Then I heard the loud rumble of the spaceship about to blast off. I knew that the sound scientists did their best, but it was still loud.

After a while I heard Houston crackle into my ear, "You're in space now, how do ya feel?"

"Like I'm about to pee!" I said back. And I did. I really did. I tried to hold it in, but it just happened.

By the time my spaceship was back on the ground, I had gone to the bathroom.

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Chapter 2 by StanG

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"Houston, we have a prob but that's certainly how I feel right about now. But, what do I tell them? That the first guy in space couldn't hold it in? That

maybe they could try fixing a major design flaw in the suit? Or, maybe they could create a better spacecraft that would vibrate less on take off?

Who am I to tell them what they should do? Who do I think I am, to tell them the problems with their space program?

Oh... yes. That's right. I'm the test pilot of their latest craft, and they need to think of all the mundane things that we humans have to consider on a daily basis. With their heads in the clouds so much, sometimes they can be a little near-sighted when it comes to the ordinary.

"Hey, Houston... there's something you might wanna consider putting inside these new suits, boys." I radioed.

"Erm... Houston, go ahead Alan."

"Yeah, er... Houston, you might wanna put a toilet in these things. Please?"

Silence for a couple of minutes, was, I presumed, to give them time to figure a response. In the meantime, my relief was complete and soon enough their response came through.

"Houston, Alan... we read you loud and clear. We've let the boys at R&D know and they're gonna put their heads together for a quick solution. How's that sound?"

"Alan, Houston... Thanks, but it's a little late."

So, back at the hangar, the guys thought it funny as hell that the legs of my suit were no longer a pristine white and my walk was a little 'John Wayne' but at least the future looked brighter.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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